The 'Prentice's Tragedy:

OR, THE

HISTORY

OF

George Barnwell:

Being a fair Warning to Young Men to avoid the Com-pany of Lewd Women.

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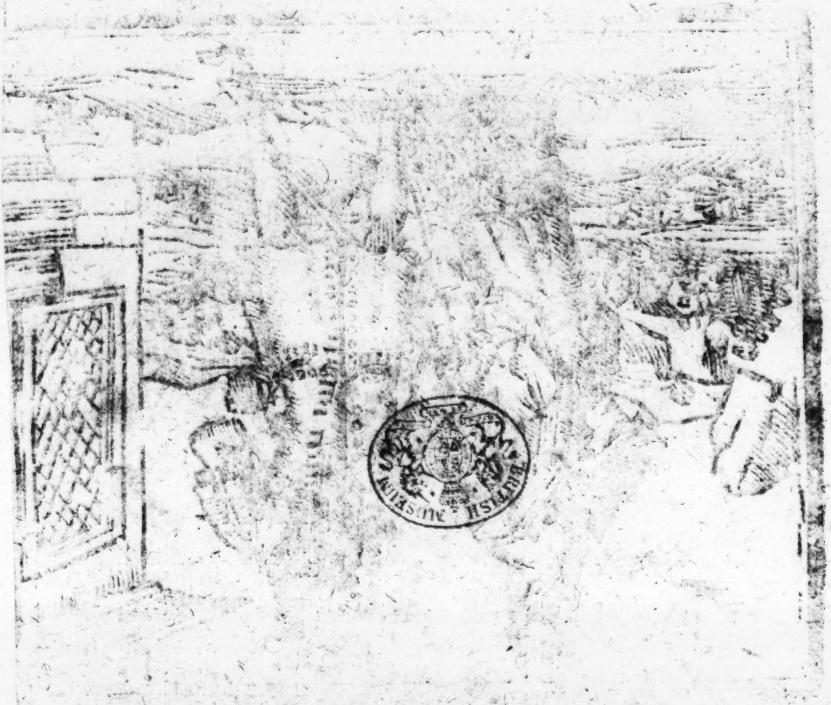


The 'PRENTICE's Tragedy, &c.

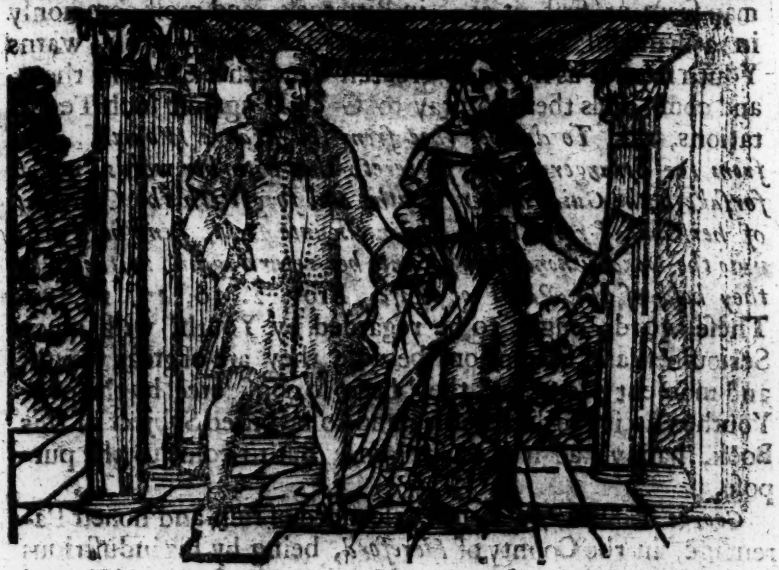
CHAP. I.

How he, being born in Herefordshire, *of rich Parents, was put Apprentice to a Merchant in the City of* London, *where he gained the good Opinion of all the Family. How going about his Master's Business, he met one Mrs.* Millwood, *a Strumpet, in* Leaden-hall-street, *who by deluding Inticements made him promise to visit her,* &c.

CErtainly there is nothing more destructive to Youth, than to be ensnared by a Harlot; it is an Entrance into all manner of Miseries; and however pleasing it may seem at first, it ends in Bitterness, and most commonly in a shameful Death. And indeed *Solomon* rightly warns Youth from it as from the greatest Curse that can befal them, and commands them to pray to GOD against such Temptations, viz. *To deliver thee from the strange Woman, even from the Stranger which flattereth thee with her words, which forsaketh the Guide of her Youth, and forgetteth the Covenant of her God; for her House inclineth unto Death, and her Paths unto the Dead; none that go unto her return again, neither take they hold of the Paths of Life,* Prov. 2. 16, 17, 18, 19. These words ought to be regarded by Youth, with much Seriousness and Attention, because they are of great weight and moment; and had they been so considered by the poor Youth who is the deplorable, and to be pitied Subject of this Book, happy had it been for him. But to come to the purpose,

George Barnwell, a Youth descended of rich and honest Parentage, in the County of *Hereford*, being by his industrious Parents put Apprentice to a Merchant in *London*, behaved him-

himself so well, that he gained not only the Love and good Opinion of his Master, but of all the Family, and all that knew him; his Master's Letters to this purpose to his Parents, filled their hearts with Joy, promising themselves the greatest Comforts in their old Age imaginable from such a hopeful Son, and therefore doubled their diligence to make him rich and flourishing, when he should come out of his Time; and to add to this, their care was likewise to provide him a rich Wife, when it was convenient for him to marry: But, alas, there is nothing certain in this World, Temptations are powerful; so that the Wisest at all times, are not proof against them. This Youth had been about two Years with his Master, who indulged with all the freedom and liberty he could reasonably desire, when one Day going abroad to gather up Money for Goods delivered, as he was passing through *Leaden-hall-street*, a Woman, handsome enough, and set off



with a very fine Attire, met him; who making a full stop, and

and gazing wishfully in his Face, took him by the Hand, with a smiling Countenance, asked him his Name, which he, with some Blushing told her, it was *George Barnwell*: Then fetching a feigned Sigh, she said, *Ah, dear* George Barnwell, *how blessed and Happy am I, to meet thee in this place! I know you and all your Family exceeding well, and therefore one Request I must ask of you*; (giving him thereupon one gentle Kiss.) *What is that?* (said he.) *Why, my dear pretty Boy,* (reply'd she) *because I cannot fully my Reputation to go into an Ale-house, as I am now with thee, I would desire you to come to my House, for I have something to tell you that is extraordinary*; and with this she sighed another sigh, her Eyes looking all languishing. *Indeed, Madam,* (reply'd the Innocent Youth) *if I knew the place I would do it, for in the Evening when I have carried home this Money,* (shewing her a Bag which he pulled from under his loose-Coat) *I shall be abroad again about my Master's business*; the sight of which made her not a little rejoyce, and so having made him solemnly promise to visit her, she told him her Name was *Millwood*, and that she lived in *Shoreditch*, next Door to the *Cross*; then giving him another tender Kiss, and calling him her Dear, they parted.

CHAP. II.

How having pretended to be desperately in Love with him, he went to her House in Shoreditch. *The Sights he saw, and how she entertained him, with the Trick she used to get six Pounds out of him for his Supper.*

THE poor Youth finding himself so endeared by a lovely Woman, knew not what to think of it; he went home and looked a hundred times in the Glass, fancying himself the beautifullest of all the Youths in the City; many things run in his thoughts, sometimes he doubted she flattered him, then again, her feigned Coyness made him believe she was really enamoured, or he had read divers Love Romances, and found

found that a Queen fell in Love with a *Cripple* that was but a Shoo-maker, and why might not some great Lady (as by her Garb he took her to be) fall in Love with him; and after long debating with himself, he at last resolved to go and try what this new Adventure would tend to, and so in a fatal hour he set forward, having received a hundred and one pounds by the way, of one of his Master's Customers. Being come, as near as he could guess, to the place, he looked earnestly for the Sign, and it was not long e'er he spy'd it, which made his Heart leap for Joy; then enquiring, he found out her House, which had a very spacious out-side, and was as well answerable within, with the Spoils and Trophies of many simple Youths whom she had entnared; he had no sooner knocked at the Door, but she (who had waited with some impatience for his coming) came to the Door in a varied Dress, the finest he thought, that ever he had seen in his Life, her Face he fancy'd to be a Chrubin's, it was so set off with curious Paints, and his Smelling was charmed with the Scent of Essences, so that he stood abashed, scarce thinking her Mortal, till taking him by the hand, with a fawning Compliment of, *Welcome my dear* George, *now I see you are a Man of your Word*; She conducted him into her Parlour, and there for a time left him to dispatch some other Gallants she had above Stairs, that she might have the greater freedom with him. Being thus left alone, he began to cast his eyes on the Pictures, which were suitable to the trade of the Owner, for on one hand he espied *Venus* and *Mars* naked, embracing each other in *Vulcan*'s Net, which he laid to catch them when they were at the height of their stolen Pleasures, on the other hand a Satyr ravishing a Nymph; and again *Jupiter* transformed into a Bull, running away with *Europa* to deflower her, and many other such like Fancies to incite and stir up to Amorous Delights. By this time she had sent away her other Guests with weak Backs and empty Pockets, and thereupon sent down her Servant, as wicked as her self, by

being privy to all her Debaucheries, Frauds, &c. to invite up the Youngster; he made no dispute to obey the kind Summons; and when he came into her Chamber, he found her laid on a Couch, with her delicate white Breasts naked, sighing, and with some forced Tears falling from her Eyes, yet chearing up at his approach, squeezing him by the hand, she bid him welcome a hundred times, more dear to her than her Brothers, or all her Friends and Relations; but she had all this while her Eye most on the Bag of Money he held under his Arm; upon this he took courage, and asked her the cause of her suddain sadness, who had grieved her, or what misfortune had befel her: *Alas,* (said she with a Sigh) *none yet, unless your denial to Love me, makes me miserable.* This made him blush and look down, not knowing well what answer to make; she seeing him struck mute at this Proposal, caused him to sit down by her, and earnestly entreated him to stay and Supper with her, and partake of such homely Fare as she had pro-

vid-

ed; this he refused, saying, *He durst not stay abroad so long, being but an Apprentice, and that his Master would miss him, and chide him for not giving his Attendance at the Table at home.* *Ah me,* (said she, and letting fall a Crocadil's Tear) *are you then an*

an Apprentice? Yet however, my dear Love, sure the most severest Master cannot be angry for one Night's stay with so pretty a sweet-faced Youth as you: Or do not think of going, before you have put me out of that pain I have provided for you. Hereupon she gave him a harmless *Judas* Kiss, wetting his Cheeks with her false Tears to move, going on with a long Story of her Passion for him, that she so bewitched him that he was no longer Master of himself, thinking that being courted by so fine a Woman, he had the World in a string, he looked on her as an Angel; and she before hearing a longer Story of her feigned languishing Passion, he had no power to resist any thing she desired of him: So together they supt, the Table being furnished with Wine and many Varieties; at the end of which, the Maid came up, and brought in a sham Bill, saying, The Vintner was below, and expected his Money immediately; at this she began to storm, throwing a Plate at her Maid's Head for her unseasonable intrusion; calling the unknown Vintner Villain and Rascal for putting such an Affront upon a Woman of her Quality, saying, She had that day paid away five hundred Pounds, and left her self without Money, and that he should stay no longer for it; and so getting from the Table, walked up and down the Room in a great Fret; this made the foolish Youth after take Compassion of her, and entreat her not to vex herself, for seeing she had so kindly entertained him, he would lay down the Money for her, little thinking that it was a Plot, upon which she had driven at all this while; so counting the Bill, he found it to be six Pounds, and told out the Money, but she seemed the most against it of any Woman, and after he urging to do it, she took him about the Neck, saying, *O my dear Love, now I see you are a generous Person; well, you shall find I will oblige you as much; but my greatest grief is to part with you: however, if you will be gone, pray have me in your mind, and be not long absent from me, that I may not only restore you your Money, but bestow such Favours on you, as you shall desire.* Upon this, and many endearing Kisses, they parted, she to laugh in

her

her Sleeve at the Woodcock she had catched, and he home with six Pounds short of his Master's Cash.

CHAP. III.

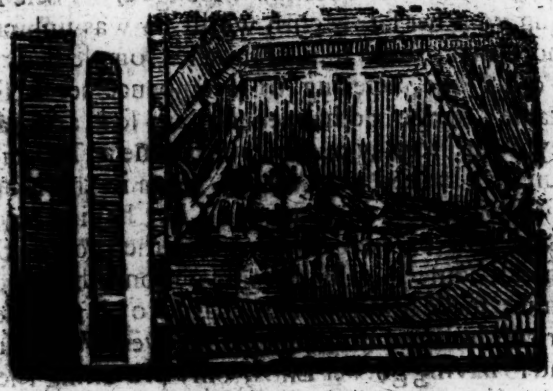
How upon his second Visit she feigned her self sick of Grief, and wheedled him out of Ten Pound. Of the Entertainment she gave him; and how, being in Bed with her, he was robbed of his Cloaths, and all his Money by her Contrivance.

YOung *Barnwell* hugging himself in his supposed good Fortune, could scarcely go on his Affairs for thinking how happy he should be when he met with his lovely Lady; he fancy'd no Woman in the World came near her, and all the finest Women in the City looked like Gipsies and Dowdies to her. This was on a *Wednesday* he made this first Visit, and on *Sunday* he had made a Promise to come to her, but never did he imagine time to run so slow as till that Day came, waking he always thought of her, and sleeping his Dreams of Embracing her delicate Body were pleasing to him; so that now giving himself up to a foolish doating on her, he gave away his power of retreating, till he had ensnared himself in ruin and disgarce, the thing which all Youths who trust the betraying Smiles of Harlots must expect. The appointed Day being come, he took a large Sum of his Master's Money, for he had the keeping of his Cash, and away he hasted to his fair Destroyer; and being directed, upon his first Enquiery for her, by her Female Scout, up Stairs, the first sound that saluted his Ear was a deep Sigh, when entering her Chamber he found her laid on her Bed very sad and pensive, which caused him to sit down by her; and taking her by the delicate soft Hand, enquired into the cause of her Disorder: Upon this she turned her Eyes upon him with a very loving yet languishing Look, saying, *Ah, my sweet* George, *I am indeed in health of Body, but have a disturbance and vexation in my Mind for something that is like to befal me, which makes me rest-*

reſtleſs and uneaſie, unfit to give thee that Entertainment and thoſe endearing Pledges of my Love, which I deſigned for you. Upon this being all on a Flame with amorous Fancies, he took the boldneſs to kiſs her, though not without bluſhing, entreating her to tell him the cauſe of her grief, and if it was in his power, he would remedy it. *Alas,* (ſaid ſhe) *my dear ſweet* Barnwell, *I ſhall die with ſhame, and bluſhing to diſcover it.* But he upon this feigned denial to draw him on, being more preſſing and urgent to get from her the Secret which ſhe was willing to part with, ſhe at laſt raiſing her ſelf on the Pillow, took him about the Neck, kiſſing him tenderly with a Sigh and ſome Tears, told ſhe had taken up ſome Silks of a Broker, which amounted to ten Pound, and that he had without ſo much as ſending for his Money, to give her warning to provide it, ordered her to be arreſted, and that Baliffs were now waiting about her Houſe, to take her if ſhe went out; and though ſhe expected a hundred Pounds from her Tenants within a day or two, yet ſhe muſt be confined a Priſoner in her Houſe for this, not having at preſent enough to ſatisfie it. This ſhe delivered in ſuch moving melting words intermixed with Tears, as diſſolved young *Barnwell* into Compaſſion, and thereupon in a loving manner bidding her take courage and caſt away care, he told her, Not ten, nor ten times ten Pound ſhould be the cauſe of her grief, or draw Tears from her fair Eyes, as long as he was able to ſupply her. This was it ſhe angled for, and upon his pulling out a handful of Gold and Silver, and delivering it to her, ſhe by degrees chearedup, eſpecially when ſhe ſee he had ſtore of Coin beſide, ſo that immediately ſhe leaped from her Bed, and embrac'd him, extolling him for the beſt of Friends and the moſt generous of Mankind; adding, that for this great favour, ſince ſhe had revealed her Love to him, though not without Bluſhes and Reluctancy, ſhe would make him happy in a favour that great Perſons had ſought in vain, which was to have the free Enjoyment of her Body, ſo he would promiſe her Marriage,

when

when out of his Time: This made him ready to leap out of his Skin, though fear and ſhame for ſome time oppoſed the committing ſo ſinful an Act; however ſhe kept up his Courage with Cordial, to that degree, that at Night they went to Bed together; but whilſt he was wantoning in her Arms,



the Chamber-door ſuddenly ruſhed open, and in came three Ruffians, upon which ſhe ſchrieked though very ſoftly, and immediately leaping out of bed, they gagg'd and bound her; poor *Barnwell* all this while ready to die for fear, crept under the Bed cloaths, till they having rowled him up in them, began to talk of throwing them out at the Window; this redoubled his Fright for fear of having his Neck broke, ſo that roaring out, they thought the Plot was betrayed, ſeemed affrighted, and immediately made their Eſcapes, though you may be ſure not without his Cloaths, and all the Money he had left; however it was ſome comfort to him that his Bones were yet in a whole Skin, when having a little recovered his Fright, as hearing no more noiſe, the fine Lady who lay on the Floor in her Smock gagg'd and bound, the better to colour the buſineſs, that ſhe might not be ſuſpected as a Confederate, fell to making a ſad Moan, whereupon he

took so much Courage as to creep out and ungagg her, this giving her the liberty of her Speech, she sadly complained of her hard fortune; that their Joys, by so cross an Accident, should be disturbed in their first transport of Pleasure by Rogues and Villians, and that she had rather have lost all she had, than that he should have been so disobliged. These Expressions falling from her fair Mouth whilst he was unbinding her Legs and Hands, made him strain the Complement as much on the other side, offering to recompence her Loss, if any considerable damage had happened; and so hearing all still to Bed they went, to play out their old Game at Tick-tack; yet our Youngster looked very blank, when in the Morning he found his Cloaths and Money gone; but having enjoyed his Mistress, a Kiss or two of hers, and the promise of an old Suit to sneak home in, till he could put on other more suitable for him, made him give a discharge to his troubled Mind, for near one hundred Pound in Gold, Silver, and Aparrel; and so having got her Ends, only protesting the like never befel to her House before, she gave him a supernumerary Kiss, with a Protestation of a hearty Sorrow for his Loss, and they parted both well pleased.

CHAP. IV.

How being called to an account for his Cash, and 100 Pound was wanting, which he had spent, and given to his Strumpet, he run away; and coming to her for shelter, the Usage she gave, by reviling and turning him out of Doors, till he brought more Money, which changed her Note.

THus this poor young Gentleman frequenting the House of this avaritious Strumpet, had many such Tricks put on him, sometimes his Money was decoyed from him by gaming Sharpers, which she called Brothers or Cousins, she always Playing or Betting on his side, and seemingly loosing as much as he, though she had her own and part of his to boot return-

ed in private: At other times she drew him in to lay Wagers with such kind of Fellows, and sometimes with her self; but when she won, she wou'd protest it was against her Conscience to take the Money of one she loved so dearly, and who had been such a kind Friend to her in her necessity; so that at last having run out about 200 Pound of his Master's Money, besides his Rings, and many things of Value, sent him by his Parents, the Day of Account came, the Merchant ordered him to reckon up the Money he had received, and to Account it to what he had in his Hands: This struck a damp in his Mind, he knew not what to do or say, he attempted to borrow, the longer to colour it of other Merchant's Cashiers,

but they refused to lend, whereupon having only twenty Pound in reserve, he resolved not to stand the Test, but rather

ther to be accuſed behind his Back, than run the danger of a Stone doublet; ſo in the Evening making up his bundle, away he pack'd, but not knowing any Houſe ſafer than with his Miſtreſs, who with Tears in her Eyes, had ſo often profeſſed to Love him above her own Life; to her he goes through all the By-ways he could, to prevent being purſued, at laſt rapping ſoftly at the Door, ſhe fancy'd he had brought a new Supply, therefore down ſhe came almoſt undreſſed, with, *O my Dear* George, ſeconded with half a dozen Kiſſes; but he had no ſooner told her, that he was come from his Maſter, with the cauſe of it, deſiring her protection and ſhelter, but her Countenance changed, ſhe knit her Brows, and looking ſurly on him, ſaid, *What, you wicked Wretch, have you robbed your Maſter then, and do you come to me to ſmoother your Theft? Out of my Doors, you Villian, or I'll call a Conſtable, and be the firſt that ſhall apprehend you: It will indeed be a fine Credit for me, if it ſhould be known that ſuch a worthy Woman as I, have had ever any thing to do with a ſawcy Jackanapes of a Prentice*; and ſo ſtamping in a fury, ſhe commanded him immediately to depart.

To this, ſeeing how finely he had been gull'd, with Tears in his Eyes, he replyed, *Why truly, my Dear, what Money I have imbezled, I have given it to you, ſpent it, or loſt it in your Houſe; and therefore in the time of my Diſtreſs, I cou'd not have thought you wou'd have proved ſo hard hearted to me, conſidering the Love you have profeſſed; but ſeeing it is ſo, I'll be wiſer for the future; I have yet 20 Pound left, and therfore fear not to be entertained whilſt that laſt any where.* The cunning Strumpet had no ſooner heard theſe words, and the chinking of the Money in a Bag, but changing her Countenance into a calmneſs, as he was about to depart, ſhe run after him, and laying hold on his Arm, ſaid, *My dear* George, *ſtay: What, I warrant you thought I was in earneſt? No, no, my Love, I put on a ſeeming anger only to try thee a little; come, my dear Bird, let us kiſs and continue Friends to our Lives end.* So, notwithſtanding all

all the Objections he could make, with ſoft and ſmooth words ſhe drew him in again.

CHAP. V.

How this Money being ſpent, ſhe led him a weary Life till he went with her to Ludlow, *to rob his rich Uncle; which he did, as alſo murthered him, and the manner of it; how that Money being ſpent, ſhe turned him out of Doors, and abuſed him: And to conclude, how the Murther being diſcovered, they were Hang'd.*

AFter this manner of riotous Living, this 20 Pound laſted not long, and then growing weary of him again, ſhe began to put him on other Projects, but they not being practicable, and he telling her he had a great many Rich Kindred in *Herefordſhire* eſpecially a rich Uncle at *Ludlow*, they agreed to go down, ſhe being to perſonate the Merchant's Wife, with whom he was Apprentice; and feign ſome Relations of her own ſhe had near that place, which occaſioned her coming: This was put in practice, and he thought to have taken his Father in his way, and robbed him firſt, which was her Advice; but fearing his Maſter had ſent down Letters of his Abſence, and the Tricks he had played, to have him ſtoped if he came thither; he refrained it and went to *Ludlow* to his Uncle, who was a rich Grazier: The old Man was extream glad to ſee him, and entertained him and his ſuppoſed Miſtreſs, with ſuch Fare as the beſt Country could afford for ſeven Days; in the mean while they had wickedly laid a Plot againſt his Life, which was to go with him to a Market, where he was to ſell his Cattle, under pretence of ſeeing the Faſhion of it, and ſo in his return to Murther him, which was done in a Wood by *Barnwell*'s knocking him off his Horſe, and her lighting and cutting his Throat; and ſo taking his Purſe with fourſcore Pounds, away they came for *London*, and lived rioutouſly upon it, though he not without fear of Apprehenſion, his

his Conſcience being much ſtartled at the guilt of ſo bloody a Fact; but ſhe encouraged him, ſaying, *If a hundred Hues and Cries came, ſhe had ſuch places in her Houſe to hide him in, that tho' they ſearched an Age they could not find him.* However, this ill-gotten Money being ſquandered away, ſhe put him on new Projects, but they not ſucceeding, and ſo becoming a little chargeable to her, ſhe not only hated but miſerably beat him, breaking his Head and Face with the Tongs in a pitiful manner; and ſo, according as his Folly deſerved, turn'd him out of Doors in a bitter froſty Night, though he begged on his Knees with Tears ſhe would not put him to ſuch hard Straights and Diſgrace, but being utterly refuſed Entrance, upon his reviling her Ingratitude, ſhe called him Thief and Murtherer, ordering her Maid to fetch a Conſtable to apprehend him: Upon this, finding his Life in the Hands of an unmerciful Wretch, he fled to Sea; but being ſtinged and tortured in Conſcience for the wicked Murther he had committed on his innocent good Uncle, as he put to Sea, he directed a Letter to his Maſter, and another to the Lord-Mayor of *London*, diſcovering how for the ſake of this wicked lewd Woman, he had not only rob'd his Maſter, but with her aſſiſtance Rob'd and Murther'd his Uncle in the Country; ſo that immediately a Search being made, and the Leather-Purſe wherein the Money was, and ſome other things taken from the murther'd Perſon found in her Cuſtody, though ſhe ſtourly deny'd it; being ſent down to *Ludlow*, ſhe was there Try'd, Condemn'd and Executed; and God's Juſtice purſuing him for ſhedding innocent Blood, he was Condemn'd abroad on ſuſpition of another Murther, which he deny'd to the laſt, ſaying, *However, it was juſt with God for his Sins*: Deſiring all Youths to take Warning by him, and avoid lewd Women; and then being Dead, he was harg'd up in Chains.

An

An excellent Song of George Barnwell, *an Apprentice in the City of* London, *who was undone by a Strumpet, who enticed him thence to Rob his Master, and to Murder his Uncle in* Ludlow, *&c. To the Tune of,* The Merchant, *&c.*

ALl Youths of fair *England*,
that dwell both far and near,
Regard my Story that I tell,
and to my Song give ear:
A *London* Lad I was,
a Merchant's 'Prentice bound,
My name *George Barnwell*, that did spend
my Master many a pound.
Take heed of Harlots then,
and their inticing trains,
For by that means I have been brought
to hang alive in chains.
As I upon a day
was walking through the street,
About my Master's business,
I did a Wanton meet,
A gallant dainty Dame,
and sumptuous in attire,
With smiling looks she greeted me,
and did my name require:
Which when I had declar'd,
she gave me then a kiss,
And said, *If I would come to her,*
I should have more than this:
In faith my Boy, (quoth she)
such news I can you tell,
As shall rejoyce thy very heart,
then come where I do dwell.
'Fair Mistress, then said I,
'if I the place may know,
'This evening I will be with you,
'for I abroad must go
'To gather moneys in,
'that is my Master's due,
'And e're that I do home return,

'I'll come and visit you.
Good Barnwell, *then* (quoth she)
do thou to Shoreditch *come*,
And ask for Mistress Millwood *there*,
next door unto the gun:
And trust me on my truth,
if thou keep touch with me,
For thy Friends sake, and as my own heart;
thou shalt right welcome be.
Then parted we in peace,
and home I passed right,
Then went abroad and gathered in,
by six a clock at night,
An hundred pound and one;
with bag under my arm,
I went to Mistress *Millwood*'s house,
and thought on little harm:
And knocking at the door,
straightway herself came down,
Rustling in most brave attire,
her hood and silken gown:
Who through her beauty bright,
so gloriously did shine,
That she amaz'd my dazling eyes,
she seemed so divine.
She took me by the hand,
and with a modest grace,
Welcome, sweet Barnwell, *then* (quoth she)
unto this homely place;
Welcome ten thousand times,
more welcome than my Brother;
And better welcome I protest
than any one or other:
And seeing I have thee found
as good as thy word to be,
A homely Supper e're thou part,
thou shalt take here with me.
'O pardon me (quoth I)
'fair Mistress, I you pray,
'For why, out of my Master's house
'so long I dare not stay.

Alas,

Alas, good Sir, she said,
are you so strictly ty'd,
You may not with your dearest Friend
one hour or two abide?
Faith, then the case is hard,
if it be so (quoth she)
I would I were a Prentice bound,
to live in house with thee:
Therefore, my sweetest George,
list well what I do say,
And do not blame a Woman much,
her fancy to bewray:
Let not affection's force
be counted lewd desire,
Nor think it not immodesty
I should thy love require.
With that she turn'd aside,
and with a blushing red,
A mournful motion she bewray'd,
by holding down her head:
A handkerchief she had
all wrought with silk and gold,
Which she to stay her trickling tears,
against her eyes did hold.
This thing unto my sight
was wondrous, rare, and strange,
And in my mind and inward thoughts
it wrought a sudden change:
That I so hardy was,
to take her by the hand,
Saying, 'Sweet Mistress, why do you
'so sad and heavy stand?
Call me no Mistress now,
but Sarah *thy true Friend,*
Thy Servant Sarah, *bowring thee,*
until her life doth end:
If thou wouldst here alledge
thou art in years a Boy,
So was Adonis, *yet was he*
fair Venus's *Love and Joy.*

Thus I that ne'r before
of Woman found ſuch grace,
And ſeeing now ſo fair a Dame
give me a kind imbrace;
I ſupt with her that night
with joys that did abound,
And for the ſame paid preſently,
in money twice three pound:
An hundred kiſſes then,
for my farewel ſhe gave,
Saying, *Sweet* Barnwell, *when ſhall I,*
again thy company have?
O ſtay not too long, my Dear,
ſweet George, *have me in mind*
Her words betwicht my childiſhneſs,
ſhe uttered them ſo kind.
So that I made a vow,
next *Sunday* without fail,
With my ſweet *Sarah* once again,
to tell ſome pleaſant tale.
When ſhe heard me ſay ſo,
the tears fell from her eyes,
O George, quoth ſhe, *if thou do ſail,*
thy Sarah *ſure will dye.*
Though long, yet loe at laſt,
the pointed day was come,
That I muſt with my *Sarah* meet,
having a mighty ſum
Of money in my hand,
unto her houſe went I,
Whereas my Love upon her bed
in ſaddeſt ſort did lye.
'What ails my Heart's Delight,
'my *Sarah* dear? quoth I.
'Let not my Love lament and grieve,
'nor ſighing pine and dye,
'But tell to me, my deareſt Friend,
'what may thy woes amend,
'And thou ſhalt lack no means of help,
'though forty pound I ſpend.
With that ſhe turn'd her head,

and

and sickly thus did say,
O, *my sweet George, my only joy,*
ten pounds I have to pay
Unto a cruel Wretch,
and God he knows, quoth she,
I have it not. 'Tush, rise, quoth he
'and take it here of me;
'Ten pounds, nor ten times ten
'shall make my love decay.
Then from his bag into her lap,
he cast ten pound straightway.
All blith and pleasant then,
to banquetting they go,
She proffered him to lye with her,
and said it should be so:
And after that same time,
I gave her store of coyn:
Yea, sometimes fifty pound at once,
all which I did purloyn,
And thus I did pass on,
un til my Master then,
Did call to have his reckoning in
cast up among his Men.
The which when as I heard,
I knew not what to say,
For well I knew that I was out
two hundred pounds that day.
Then from my Master straight
I ran in secret sort,
And unto *Sarah Millwood* then
my state I did report.
But how she us'd this Youth,
in this his extream need,
The which did her necessity
so oft with money fed;
The Second Part behold,
shall tell it forth at large,
And shall a Strumpet's wily ways,
with all her tricks discharge.

The Second Part of George Barnwell, *to the same Tune.*

HEre comes young *Barnwell* unto thee,
sweet *Sarah* my Delight,
'I am undone, except thou stand
'my faithful Friend this night:
'Our Master to command accounts,
'hath just occasion found,
'And I am found behind the hand
'almost two hundred pound:
'And therefore knowing not at all,
'what answer for to make,
'And his displeasure to escape,
'my way to thee I take;
'Hoping in this extremity,
'thou wilt my Succour be,
'That for a time I may remain
'in safety here with thee.
With that she knit and bent her brows,
and looking all a quoy,
Quoth she, *What should I have to do*
with any 'Prentice-boy?
And seeing you have purloyn'd and got
your Master's goods away,
The case is bad, and therefore here
I mean thou shalt not stay.
'Why, sweet Heart, thou knowst, he said,
'that all which I did get,
'I gave it, and did spend it all
'upon thee every whit:
'Thou knowst I loved thee so well,
'thou could'st not ask the thing,
'But that I did incontinent,
'the same unto thee bring.
Quoth she, *Thou art a paultry* Jack,
to charge me in this sort,
Being a Woman of credit good,
and known of good report:
And therefore this I tell thee flat,

be packing with good speed;
I do defy thee from my heart,
and scorn thy filthy deed.
Is this the love and friendship which
'thou did'st to me protest?
Is this the great affection which
'you seemed to express?
Now fie on all deceitful shows,
'the best is I may speed,
'To get a lodging any where,
'for money in my need:
Therefore, false Woman, now farewel,
'*while twenty pound doth last,*
My anchor in some other haven
'*I will with wisdom cast.*
When she perceived by his words,
that he had money store,
That she had gull'd him in such sort,
is griev'd her heart full sore:
Therefore to call him back again,
she did suppose it best:
Stay George, *quoth she, thou art too quick,*
why Man I do but jest;
Think'st thou for all my passed speech
that I would let thee go?
Faith no, *quoth she,* my love to thee
I wiis is more than so.
'*You will not deal with 'Prentice-boys,*
'*I heard you even now swear,*
'*Therefore I will not trouble you.*
My *George* hark in thine ear,
Thou shalt not go to night, *qd. she,*
what chance so e're befal,
But Man we'll have a bed for thee,
or else the Devil take all.
Thus I that was with wiles bewicht,
and snar'd with fancy still,
Had not the power to put away,
or to withstand her will,
Then wine and wine I called in,
and cheer upon good cheer,
And nothing in the World I thought
for Sarah's love too dear:
Whilst I was in her company
in joy and merriment,
And all too little I did think,
that I upon her spent:
'*A fig for care and careful thoughts,*
'*when all my gold is gone,*
'*In faith, my Girl, we will have more,*
'*whoever it lights upon.*
'*My Father's rich, why then, qd. I,*
'*shou'd I want any gold?*
With a Father indeed, *quoth she,*
a Son may well be bold.
'*I have a Sister richly wed,*
'*I'll rob her e're I'll want;*
Why then, *qd. Sarah,* they may well
consider of your scant.
'*Nay more than this, an Uncle I have*
'*at* Ludlow *he doth dwell,*
'*He is a Grasier, which in wealth*
'*doth all the rest excel:*
'*E're I will live in lack, quoth he,*
'*and have no coyn for thee,*
'*I'll rob his house, and murder him.*
Why should you not, *quoth she,*
E're I would want, were I a Man,
or live in poor estate,
On Father, Friends, and all my Kin
I would my talons grate:
For without money, *George, qd. she;*
a Man is but a beast;
And bringing mony thou shalt be
always my chiefest Guest.
For say thou should'st pursued be,
with twenty Hues and Crys;
And with a warrant searched for
with *Argus* hundred eyes:
Yet in my house thou shalt be safe,

such-

such privy ways there be,
That if they sought an hundred years
they could not find out thee.
And so carrousing in their cups,
their pleasures to content,
George Barnwell had in little space
his mony wholly spent.
Which being done, to *Ludlow* then
he did provide to go,
To rob his wealthy Uncle then,
his Minion would it so;
And once or twice he thought to take
his Father by the way,
But that he thought his Master had
took order for his stay.
Directly to his Uncle then
he rode with might and main,
Where with welcome and good cheer
he did him entertain:
A sennight's space he stayed there,
until it chanced it so,
His Uncle with his cattle did
unto a market go:
His Kinsman needs must ride with him,
and he saw right plain,
Great store of mony he had took,
in coming home again.
Most suddenly within a Wood
he struck his Uncle down,
And beat his brains out of his head,
so sore he cracke his crown;
And fourscore pound in ready coyn
out of his purse he took,
And coming into *London* town,
the Country quite forsook.
To *Sarah Millwood* then he came,
shewing his store of gold,
And how he had his Uncle slain,
to her he plainly told,
Tush, it's no matter, *George*, qd. she,
so we the mony have,
To have good cheer in jollity,
and deck us fine and brave.
And thus they liv'd in filthy love,
till all his store was gone,
And means to get them any more,
I wiss poor *George* had none.
And therefore now in railing sort,
she thrust him out of door,
Which is the just reward they get,
that spend upon a Whore.
O do me not this foul disgrace,
in this my need, quoth he.
She call'd him Thief and Murtherer,
with all despight might be.
And to the Constable she went
to have him apprehended,
And shew'd in each degree how far
he had the Law offended.
When *Barnwell* saw her drift,
to Sea he got straightway,
Where fear and dread and conscience
upon himself doth lay.
Unto the Mayor of *London* then,
he did a letter write,
Wherein his own and *Sarah*'s faults
he did at large recite.
Whereby he apprehended was,
and then to *Ludlow* sent,
Where he was judg'd, condemn'd, and hang'd
for murder incontinent.
And there this gallant, *Sarah* did dye,
this was her greatest gain.
For murder in *Polonia*
was *Barnwell* hang'd in chains.
Lo, here's the End of wilful Youth,
that after Harlots haunt,
Who in the spoil of other Men,
about the streets do flaunt.

F I N I S.

BRITISH MUSEUM